

One Bad Wish

by: [FoxFace](#)

View Story [Details](#)

Rating: **R** [Add](#) Review [Read](#) Reviews, Last Added:
Review **05/22/22** (7) **05/19/2022**

Complete: **yes**

Synopsis Two close friends find what appears to be a functioning genie's lamp from a sale. Joey, being the wiser of the two, takes care when wording his wishes. Timothy is less careful, leading to unexpected results for both of them.

Categories: [Accidental Change](#) [Bimbo](#) [Good Boy To Bad Girl](#)
[Magical Transformations](#) [Mind Altered](#), [Hypnosis](#),
[Brainwashed](#) [Stuck](#)

Keywords: [Breast Enlargement](#) [Swimsuit](#)

One Bad Wish

Tim and Joey were perusing the goods of an old antique store together. Joey found it rather boring, but knew his friend was big into old things and loved to fill his room with them, so he humoured his friend by occasionally going with him on his antique hunts since they'd been friends ever since they were six years old in primary school. He heard his friend gasp, and saw he was gazing intently at a silver lamp in an old middle-eastern style.

"How much for it?" Timothy asked, but the owner of the store was insistent that the item was not for sale. Timothy continued to harangue though.

"This item is most precious to me," the manager said, "it is how I became such a success today, though it no longer works I like to keep it near."

Timothy seized upon that argument, mentioning that he was a big collector himself, and wouldn't it be only fair to spread the generosity? The store owner considered this for a long moment.

"Very well," he said, "you may have it for \$50. May it bring you the same good fortune it brought me."

It was back at the apartment when Timothy unwrapped his freshly-purchased antique.

"Isn't it a marvel?" he said, holding it out.

"Whatever," Joey replied, "no offence buddy but it looks the same to me as all the other stuff you own."

"Nonsense, look at the intricate inscription on the side-" Timothy began saying as he traced his fingers along said engravings, but as he did so the lamp began glowing a luminescent gold, and pink smoke began to billow out of its end. He dropped the lamp in surprised and it landed upright, the large bloom of pink smoke beginning to solidify into a human form. A very female, very scantily clad human form, with wisps of the smoke trailing from her bronze form back down into the lamp. She was suspended in the air as if by magic.

"Greeting, masters," the woman spoke, "I am the genie of the lamp, and I have the power to grant you one wish each. Your wishes shall be granted at the same time, and cannot be taken back or reversed, so think wisely before you make your wish."

"Holy shit, a real live genie!" Timothy exclaimed. "See I told you this was a find Joey!"

The genie nodded, a faint smile on her lips. "The master is wise. Are you prepared to make a wish? I desire to enter my own realm once more. This mortal plane holds no excitement for me except for the granting of the wishes themselves."

"Let's just have a second."

Timothy retreated with Joey to discuss what they planned to wish for. Joey already had his wish in mind. He'd always been poorer than his other friends, and had to work several jobs just to make ends meet. Part of the reason he indulged Tim's trips to antique stores was because occasionally there were useful items he could get for cheap prices. He made his decision and turned back to the genie to make his request. "I wish that I was very rich by the modern standards of my own country, with the provisions that my wealth was acquired by legal means and in no danger of being parted from me except by my own voluntary desire to do so."

The genie's eyebrows lifted. "It has been some centuries since I have had a master so wise as you, oh Master. Your wish shall certainly be granted in accordance with the intention of your wish, as soon as my other master makes his wish."

Joey could see Tim was wracking his brain, trying to think what would be best to wish for.

"You're alright there buddy?"

"Yeah, yeah," Tim said, "just trying to decide if I wanna be rich too. Or maybe have the largest antique collection in the world."

Joey smiled sympathetically. Timothy wasn't the most popular guy for many reasons, but largely because of his niche interests. He wrapped an arm around his best bud. "Okay Tim, how about this. I'll give you a big portion of my riches when our wishes are granted. That way you can be wealthy too, and have time and money to track down your antiques."

Tim smiled. "Thanks Joey, that makes the choice a little easier." He turned to the genie.

"You are ready to make your wish?"

"Yes. It's ... um, a little embarrassing, but here goes. I wish I had a gorgeous submissive redhead girlfriend with a big tits and a crazy sex drive, who was devoted to me for life and always dressed to show off her amazing body."

The genie smirked as she crossed her arms, and a flash of sadistic glee fell briefly over her beautiful face. "A most unwisely worded wish, oh Master. You should have followed your friend's example, but luckily for you the wording of your wish shall affect him and not you."

Joey's excitement dissipated. "Wait, what do you mean -"

"Your wishes will be granted. Enjoy your new lives together."

She clicked her fingers just as Joey looked to his friend with a frightened expression, and then the room was empty again, and the lamp was merely a lamp.

Joey's new life wasn't so bad, he supposed as he lay on back sunbathing on his private resort. The genie hadn't lied to him; he had created a fairly airtight wish which left him with a fortune ranking in the billions which was distributed across a number of bank accounts, company shares, and various assets. Overnight he had gone from a lower-middle class Joe to one of the richest persons on Earth. He lived in the lap of luxury now, and would never want for anything again. Except, he thought, his mood turning darker, to be a man again.

It had been a surprise to Joey when after the genie snapped her fingers, his body rapidly transformed into that of a woman, clothes and all. His hips cracked wider, his stomach became flat, his hands and feet petite and hairless, his voice and facial features soft and feminine, the space between his legs now empty. But he hadn't just turned into any woman. He was now Timothy's woman, for life. His friend hadn't been very specific on the spell that had altered the course of Joey's life forever, but he was certainly specific enough on several points. Joey felt he could handle being a woman, even one as attractive as his current form, were it not for Joey's other conditions in his wish. The ones that drove Tim crazy. For one, he was now a gorgeous redhead - Tim's favourite - and she certainly had big tits. Seriously huge tits. Big, bouncy, jiggling boobs with a deep and alluring line of cleavage. The kind of jugs that swelled out with every breath, which couldn't be hidden even by a thick sweater. Not that he'd ever get a chance to wear something so modest ever again. No, he was stuck with big perky breasts that made every man in his presence drool and stare. Many times more than once Tim had had to tell a leering stranger, 'Hey, my eyes are up here.'

But even having to put up with E-cup bras to support his monster rack and the constant movement of his massive mammaries was nothing compared to the other parts of Tim's wish. His friend just couldn't help himself. Couldn't just stop there and call it a day. No, Timothy had felt the need to wish for a submissive girlfriend with a crazy sex drive. Mere minutes after his sudden transformation, having a panic attack while wearing a tight red dress that left nothing to the imagination, Joey first felt the

growing moistness in his new feminine loins and tingling in his large nipples that would become very familiar sensations in the days, months, years and life to come. His eyes had gone wide with fear as he realised he was growing horny for his best friend, and his - now her - situation only grew worse when Tim asked him to be quiet for a minute while he tried to figure something out. Joey's mouth had snapped shut for a whole minute, unable to speak a word unless given the go-ahead. It wasn't quite like a forced behaviour, in many ways it was something worse. In this new body Joey felt an uncertainty and pressure to submit to his friend's judgement that had never existed before. He managed to say a couple of half-formed words, but it sent him to the edge of an anxiety just to work up the nerve to do so.

Tim had noticed. Had tried other commands. "Sit down." "Stand up." "Come over here babe." All had worked, and all the time Joey remained terrified, stricken with disbelief, and incredibly, unbelievably fucking horny as he was told what to do. For some reason Timothy's commanding voice was driving him wild, making him slick and wet in body parts he never expected to have, made his nipples go hard with arousal, and his new body breath deep to compensate, making his large jugs rise and fall, cresting together to form even fuller cleavage. And finally it all culminated in that one line he would never forget saying: "Stop fooling around Tim, please - I need you to fuck me!"

She had begged, had stripped off her clothing, had wrapped herself around him, so great was her need. And in the end, Tim being Tim and having not had the greatest luck with women, had acquiesced. In moments she was on all fours on the bed so he could fuck her from behind while fondling her large perfect tits. And after Joey had experienced the alien, wrong, and yet so pleasurable sensation of his former-friend-now-lover shooting his load deep into his new pussy, they did it all again ten minutes later. And then missionary. And then a blowjob. And then her riding him cowgirl. Just as Tim wished, her new form was horny and submissive, and desperately loyal to Tim. She fell to sleep with her large breasts pressed against his naked form, and woken the next morning already with a deep need to be filled once again.

In the months that passed since, Joey continued to be his submissive, horny, big-titted girlfriend. In his new life he was a billionaire, but since he was always submissive to Tim's wishes, it was really more his wealth now. Joey largely used it to buy tight, revealing things to wear for his boyfriend, because that's what Timothy asked for, as well as sparkling jewellery and necklaces that drew attention to his ample features. His new body always demanded he show himself off anyway as a result of Tim's wish; anything that covered herself too much just felt not right in some undefinable way, particularly if he wasn't showing off 'the girls'. And so here he - well, she now - lay beneath the warm sun, wearing a tight bikini that left little to the imagination.

"Hey babe, looking gorgeous there." Joey was kicked from her reminiscing by the appearance of Tim towering over her, blocking out the sun.

"Hey Tim," Joey replied, raising her female body up slightly on his forearms. He knew he was giving her friend a delicious look down her bikini top, but she didn't care too much anymore. It was too much effort trying to fight her new role, and much easier to give in, particularly since she was getting horny again.

"You look like you've been thinking back to that time again," Tim said, lying down beside Joey and motioning for him to cuddle up. Joey did so submissively, enjoying somewhat the feel of her large breasts pressed against Joey's side, and her boyfriend's arm against her smooth back.

"Hard not to dude, when you're the one being punished because your friend wasn't specific enough with his wish. Mine was specific, yours was just bad. And now here I am with these melons on my chest and getting your dick in me every day and night. I'd say that's a pretty poor trade-off." Joey was aware that the way she talked sounded odd for a bombshell like him, but his vocabulary remained one of the few things that was completely his. Tim had never asked him to change it, and he suspected that Tim actually got a bit turned on by reminders that it was still his old friend in the busty redhead's body he now inhabited. For what it was worth, they were still good friends. Only now unintentionally more so.

Timothy smiled. "C'mon Joey," he said, emphasising his friend's name, which hadn't changed. He loved to emphasise that name, and likely got a little turned on by it, though he claimed it was to make Joey still feel like 'himself'. At least it was a plausibly female name. "How was I supposed to know that you would become my big-titted, horny, submissive girlfriend? Not that I hear you complaining when we go at it. Especially when I play with these." As he said that, he slipped his other hand inside Joey's large bikini top and fondled her large nipple, which strained against the top. She suppressed a moan, but couldn't help shudder. "Besides, the genie won't work for us anymore, remember? One wish each. Which means, for better or worse, you're stuck like this, and may as well learn to enjoy it babe." He slipped his fingers into Joey's vagina, and now Joey couldn't help but give a very feminine moan.

"See? Give it some time, Joey, and I know you'll just come to love being stuck as my submissive, big-titted girlfriend." His fingers reached deeper inside her, and she moaned more deeply.

"Mmmnn, come one dude, you've already - oohh - f-fucked me three times today."

Her former-best friend smiled deeply as he removed her bikini top and positioned his body over hers. His enormous erection was straining visibly against his pants. "Then what's one more Joey? You're my girlfriend for life now. Let's just enjoy it."

She was incapable of resisting and at this point no longer wanting to. She unbuckled his pants expertly with one hand as she held her bikini bottom aside, her legs enveloping him. Slowly, powerfully, sensually, he entered her, his big cock sliding into her dripping wet snatch as she moaned with pure pleasure and only a quiet background reluctance. In moments she was crying out, being taken by her best friend, submissive to his every sexual whim. And she knew this was her life forever now, to be his: his fiancée, his eventual bride, his trophy wife for life, with no chance of going back to a time before she was a busty redhead billionaire bimbo.

All because of one bad wish.